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English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

CI.

IN praise or blame no truth is found,
 Whilst specious lies do so abound ;
 Sooner expect a tuneful crow,
 Than man with double face to know.

CII.

My speech, until this very day,
 Was ne'er so like to run astray :
 But now I find, when going wrong,
 My teeth of use to stop my tongue.

A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

MOURN for the days that are departed,
 Mourn for the brave and noble-hearted,
 Mourn, Cambria, mourn :
 Mourn ! for the bright day of thy glory
 Lives alone in the minstrel's story :
 Ne'er can it return.

Mighty names adorn thy pages,
 Gallant warriors, bards, and sages,—
 All, alas, are gone :
 Yet are left in thy dominions
 Spots, where Fame has spread her pinions,
 Still to gaze upon.

Though Time's wing hath long swept o'er thee,
 Though thou'rt fallen, we adore thee,
 Mother of the brave !
 On each lonely rock and mountain
 Blood has flow'd as from a fountain,
 Thou wert Freedom's grave.

Great were those, who died to save thee,
 Deathless the renown they gave thee ;
 Peaceful in their urn